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## THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHÈ.

(HOMER'S ILLIAD, Book vi. v. 369-502.)

*Translated by G. J. ADLER.*

Thus having said, then at once the high-crested Hector departed ;  
Nor was it long ere he reached his ample commodious mansion,  
But he failed to find his white-armed Andromachè in there :  
For, with her infant son and with her well-dressed attendant,  
High up on the tower she stood, lamenting and weeping.  
And when Hector now missed his faultless wife in the palace,  
Out to the door he went, and stood, thus accosting the maidens :

Hark ye, my maids, come tell me without delay or deception,  
Where's Andromachè gone, the white-armed, out of the mansion ?  
'Sooth, to her sister-in-law, or the wife of her husband's brother ?  
Or to Athénè's shrine perhaps, where a number of other  
Fair-haired matrons of Troy are invoking the ruth of the goddess ?  
Then, in return, replied the hero's tidy housekeeper :

Hector, since thou command'st me to tell thee the truth of the  
matter,  
Nor to her sister-in-law, or the wife of her husband's brother,  
Nor to Athénè's shrine is she gone, where a number of other  
Fair-haired matrons of Troy are invoking the ruth of the goddess ;  
But to Ilión's tower, the immense, she went, where the Trojans  
Were, as she learnt, in distress, and the might of the Greeks in-  
creasing.  
Up to the wall she hied, in precipitate haste and confusion,  
Like one distracted in mind, and the nurse bore the baby behind  
her.

Thus spake the woman ; but Hector at once rushed forth from  
the mansion,  
Passed up the same road again, through the stately streets of the  
city.  
Then, having crossed the great town, he came to the Scæan gate-  
way,  
(For, it was by that road he intended to reach the plain-field).  
There came, running to meet him, his wife of the gorgeous dowry,  
Andromachè I mean, the high-souled Eëtion's daughter,  
—Eëtion, who had lived at the foot of the wood-covered Placus,  
In Hypoplacian Thebes, and ruled the Cilician men there.  
This man's daughter, I say, was the wife of brazen-helmed Hector.  
There then she met him, and with her came also her tidy maid-ser-  
vant,  
Holding the boy in her arms, the tender innocent infant,  
Hector's beloved son, the bright little star of his parents.  
Hector was wont to call him Scamandrios, others, however,  
Astyanax from the sire, the only defence of the city.  
And as he looked on his son, the father stopped, smiling in silence ;  
But Andromachè stood by his side, her tears running freely,  
And clung fast to his hand, as she spake and addressed him as fol-  
lows :

This thy impetuous force, strange man, will yet prove thy ruin !  
Pity the infant son, and me, the unhappy young mother,  
Soon to be called thy relict ! For, surely the Greeks will destroy  
thee,

With their united assault ; and then it were verily better,  
If I, thus bereft of thee, were entirely buried :  
For, I shall have no solace, when thou art no longer alive here,  
Naught but distress, and without either father or mother to help me.  
For, my sire, thou know'st, was slain by the god-like Achilles,  
When he beleaguered and sacked the Cilicians' fortified city,  
Thebes with the lofty gates. But though Eëtion fell there,  
Hector did not strip him (he piously shunned the dishonor),

But he burnt his body, and with its magnificent armor,  
Buried it in a tomb ; and around it the nymphs of the mountains,  
Daughters of Ægis-bearing Jove, planted high-shading elm-trees.  
As to the seven brothers, I had at my father's around me,  
All of them in one day, went down to the regions of Hades ;  
For, they all were slain by the swift-footed godlike Achilles,  
Close by their trail-footed cattle and flocks of silvery whiteness.  
As for my mother, who erst had been queen of the wood-covered  
Placus,

Being then led away with other captives, the victor  
Soon released her again, when bribed by the infinite ransom.  
Yet in the house of my father she fell by the shafts of Diana.  
Now thou art, Hector, to me both father and dearly loved mother,  
Aye, and a brother too, and my blooming tenderest husband.  
Come then, exercise pity, and stay with me here in the tower !  
Make not thy son an orphan, or me thy consort a widow !  
Order thy troops to the fig-tree, the spot, where most imminent dan-  
gers

Menace the town, and the wall's exposed to the enemy's charges.  
Thrice did our bravest foes attempt an assault from that quarter,  
As the two Ajaces, and the illustrious Idoménèus,  
And the Atridæ too, and Tydeus' valiant scion,  
Either, as I suppose, because some augur advised them,  
Or their own prowess, perhaps, impelled them to risk the encounter.

Then, in return, rejoined the high-crested valiant Hector.  
All this I know 's my duty, dear wife ; but I have to shrink from  
Shame and reproach from the Trojans and from their long-robèd  
matrons,

If, like a coward, I keep myself here aloof from the combat.  
Nor do I choose to do it ; for, I have learnt to be ever  
Brave, and prompt in battle, among the first of the Trojans,  
Eager to defend my sire's great renown and my own too.  
Then, I am fully aware, and it is my certain conviction,  
That the day will arrive, when our sacred city shall perish,  
Aye, and Priam too, and the people of royal Priam.  
Yet I am not so distressed by all this grief of the Trojans,  
Nor of Hecuba's even, or that of the monarch my father,  
Or of my many brothers, who all, in spite of their valor,  
Doubtless are doomed to fall in this relentless encounter,  
As I am by thine, when one of the brass-clad Achæans,  
Shall take thee off in tears, and end thus the day of thy freedom.  
And then at Argos, perhaps, thou'lt ply the loom for another,  
And fetch water from Messèis, or the spring Hyperæa,  
Very reluctant, forsooth, but compelled by thy destiny's bidding.  
Then, may be, some one will say, as he sees thee toiling and weep-  
ing :

This was great Hector's wife, the bravest champion in battle,  
He, of the steed-taming Trojans, who fought around Ilium's towers.  
Thus haply some one may say, and add fresh food to thy sor-  
rows,

Then bereft of an arm like mine, to effect thy deliverance.  
But, may the tomb conceal my limbs, deprived of their vigor,  
Ere I shall hear thy shrieks, or see thee led into thralldom.

Thus spake the hero, and then extended his hands toward the  
infant.

But the boy, with a scream, at once started back to the bosom  
Of his well-girdled nurse, afraid of the sight of his father,  
Startled by his resplendent arms and the crest's bushy horse-tail,  
Which he saw terribly nodding upon the top of the helmet.  
Out laughed, at the sight, both the father and reverend mother.  
But the illustrious sire, having doffed at once the dread helmet,  
Laid it upon the ground, where it shone with an all-dazzling splen-  
dor.

Then, having kissed his son and dandled him with caresses,  
He addressed high Jove and the rest of the gods in a prayer :

Zeupater, and the rest of the heavenly gods, I entreat you,  
Make this babe like myself, the glory and strength of his country!  
Make him great in valor, and Ilium's powerful ruler!  
Let it hereafter be said, when he shall return from the conflict:  
"He has excelled e'en his sire!" May he bring home the blood-  
reeking booty

From an enemy slain, and gladden the heart of his mother!

Thus having said, he reached him to his immaculate consort,  
And she received the boy to the fragrant folds of her bosom,  
Smiling through her tears. But her husband, moved to compassion,  
Took her by the hand, and spake, and addressed her as follows:

Do not, my dear, be harassed by too mournful forebodings about me!

Who could, before the appointed day, dispatch me to Hades?  
No one has ever, I ween, escaped from his fate's stern allotment,  
Be he coward or brave, after once he is born among mortals.  
Hie then at once to thy home; go, and attend to thy work there!  
Order thy servants to ply the task of the loom and the distaff.  
It is our part, as men, to manage the business of warfare,  
Mine above all, and next that of all the sons of my country.

Thus the redoubted Hector spake; then he took up his helmet,  
With its shaggy crest. But his wife went quietly homeward,  
Turning around now and then, while the tears gushed forth from  
her eyelids.

Soon thereupon she arrived at the well-built commodious mansion,  
Terrible Hector's home, where she found her many attendants  
Waiting for her behest, and excited great sorrow among them.  
And they lamented their Hector, throughout his home, though  
alive yet;

For, they thought he would never again return from the conflict,  
Nor escape from the hands of his dire foes, the Achæans.

## Foreign Correspondence, Items, etc.

VENICE, September 28, 1860.

Dear Crayon:

I write from this famous old city of the sea, where I have been remaining for the last two or three weeks. My room is on the Riva dei Schiavoni, and my windows look out on the boats, shipping, islands and forts, and away over the broad lagoons. My horizon is skirted by the shore of the Lido (where Lord Byron used to indulge in that amusement unknown in Venice—riding on horseback). The view on my right is bounded by the noble church of Santa Maria della Salute and the palaces opposite, (this is on the mouth of the grand canal, which runs like an S through the city); and on my left the public gardens, the point where the houses on the quay stop, and the trees—almost the only trees in Venice—begin. Here, from my window, I can study, draw and paint all day the picturesque fishing-boats with their strange colored sails; and at night the fishermen and gondoliers serenade me with their merry choruses.

I find the Venetians much more cheerful and gay than I had anticipated. This is doubtless owing to the light which is breaking all around them through the rest of Italy, in so marvellous a manner—and of which the wonderful Garibaldi is the herald and morning star. But the Austrian domination is too powerful and imminent to allow the slightest popular demonstration. Venice is armed to the teeth—armed against herself. The Lido is said to be lined with forts—built, to be sure, on the sand, but still forts, black with cannon. Every few mornings I observe a spiteful looking little steamer come puffing up in front of the quay, bearing in her stern a long, heavy gun, and

then rounding off again to the lagoons. She seems to say, "here I am—one of your jailers just come to take a peep at you, and see that your handcuffs are all right, and that all goes on orderly." And this morning a black floating battery has come in, and stands opposite, with her black scowl. The city swarms with the white-coated military. Almost every other man you meet is an Austrian and a soldier. Under the Doge's palace the cannon stand pointed, as they have done the last twelve years on the Piazzetta. Not the slightest demonstration is possible, and the people know it and feel it, and if their enthusiasm and their patriotism are roused by these last wonderful successes of Garibaldi, they have learned wisdom by experience, and keep their feelings to themselves.

The only pennyworths of good to be extracted out of the Austrian rule in Venice are, good music, tolerable beer, and clean streets.

One calls them streets—by courtesy. The Venetians don't dignify them with so grand a name, for it is their street canals that they are mostly proud of, and justly. The streets are simply *calle*—that is, alleys—where houses almost touch, and sunshine and fresh air seldom come.

What a strange old city it is! These alleys, though some of them have handsome shops, are generally the narrowest and gloomiest channels conceivable, and suggest the obscure, blind labyrinths which insects bore in some old wofmy log rotting by the water. Happy he who can find his way through them, and come out right—just where he intended. Steer your course as you will—take the chart of the city in your hand, you will some time or other come plump upon a canal where there is no bridge. Not that there are not plenty of bridges, but it needs an old inhabitant to detect them. You never feel sure but in a gondola. Here is safety, comfort, luxury, and oftentimes poetry, all combined. Your gondolier is the friendliest of creatures—guides you through such mysterious places, round the strangest corners, past such wonderful old decaying palaces—telling you the name of every sight worth seeing—and lands you so gently, never charging you more than a shilling over his tariff. One would like to float forever about the city on these canals. And there is a romance about the gondola which you can seldom separate from it. You can never think of it as it really is—the hackney-coach of Venice. It is moonlight and Jessica—Byron and the Doges.

And apropos to Jessica and her father—crossing the bridge of the Rialto the other day, my eye was attracted by a basket of pomegranates. Now pomegranates (though almost uneatable, being composed of acid seeds and a little juice) have a very strange oriental sound and look, but are so rare a capsule in our north, that we very seldom think of throwing money away in purchasing one. But here, in Venice—next door to the Orient—it ought to be just the thing. So here goes, cost what they may. "How much?" "About four cents a-piece." "'Tis not possible" [aside];—"where do they come from?" "Mazorbo." I don't know where Mazorbo is, but conclude it is somewhere toward Bagdad and Schiraz. With a trembling hand I give the money and pocket the beautiful fruit. (I afterwards found them for about two cents a-piece.) Such color! Surely Titian and Veronese had pomegranates growing in their gardens, and lying on their studio-tables. I bought two. One of them had a branch of the tree attached, with the leaves fresh and green. I brought them home and painted them. So much for Jessica, now for her father. It was on the Rialto—not the bridge, but the neighboring arcade—that old Shylock used to